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VOL. 6. NO. 154.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, Dec. 6, 1862.

LESTER WALLACK:
RETURNING FROM THE CHASE.

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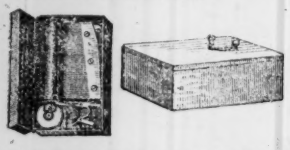

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GREEN-GRASS LETTERS.

FROM A COUNTRY EDITOR.

No. VIII.

WE hev ben some troubled with foxes up here. They hev gone a smart deal into the poultry business, and stole two of our chickings. We think more turkies, chickins, an goslings hev, howsever, ben stole in Green-Grass of late by our fellow citizens than by foxes, an yet paps where there's one fox there's at least one hundred fellow citizens. Ef that's so then the foxes is ahead of us in common honesty. It's too bad.

We wull tell you one thing and that ain't two. Foxes is nuffin to bears, no more'n thieves is to robbers. A fox 's a teb srewd crit, but when it comes to huggin a barr clost, it warnts a more affectionate natur than we got to come up to the scratch. There's bin gret sport in our keöunty sens we wrote last, no less 'n four barrs all killed to onct, the hull job done up in one morn'n, jist's neat's a pin, and thutty doll's got eout of their skins, carcasses, and State beounty. Think of that!

We dint help kill these crits. Reason why? Bekase we got our hands full o' foxes. More'n that, ef we fight at all we wull put deown the enemies of the govment fust, then the barrs. There is force in that. We ollers hed a keind o' likin for barrs when they were chaind to a steak. Our acquaintance with em has bin principally among some performin critturs brought eöut here by ARTEMUS WARD. They're clumsy, but got a c'sib'l deal good natur. Ef you coerce them then's the time they rare up. What they ax is to be let alone. Contrarywise trouble is a *Bruin*. ARTEMUS tole us that he ollers got along with his barrs by simply lettin 'em alone s'long's they obeyed the rules of the menagerry, and dint break any of his glass cases, whar he had his wax work, his Ginell WASHINGTON an Gin'l JACKSON. Then he cracked em over the sculls and noses with a wery hevy club, which ollers brought em to order, for sez he to us, "there's a wery excellent moral lesson conweyed in *whacks*."

But we must gin you some account of the hunt. Four barrs, my dear fren, out a scoutin' within one mile of Green-Grass brought every think to a stand. It stopt the sawmill, shut up the district schools, closed the stores, and kept the people from goin to church on Sabbath. Our help wud not go eöut to milk the keöws, to fodder the stock, or to feed the chickings. Our children kivered their heds up o'nights. Our women folks skeered eenamost to death. Suthin must be done an that immediately.

There mought hev bin a gatherin of abeöut five hunded of our fellow cizzens, not keöuntin ourself an the brass band. Some on em hed guns, some pistols, some knives, some clubs, some hatchits, some axes, some tin pans to make a noise with. *A good many on em took horns.*

The barrs come down the mountings Teusday sennight. PATRICK O'NEILL'S wife sed that she see em as she was eout of doors on all-fours scrabblin along by the moonlight after midnight droppin deown one by one from High-Chalk Cliff to the base, then nosin abeout as black as your hat and no bigger, for it was a considdabul distance; then they struck into a overhangin copse, then eöut of it agin, and come deown straight for the walley, which was the last that she saw of em. Her testimonial, we think, can be relied on, for she is a wery good woman, and she was eout a gittin in clothes. What they done for a week or ten days arter that nobody knows, for they picked up a living somehow nother, an kep' eout o'sight, like STONEWALL JACKSON, although our principall men profesy that they wud turn up agin.

Bears is ony tebble when you dono whar they are, and we think we could be even with JACKSON, ef we could find out whar he was.

The next seen of the barrs was by moonlight on a high bit o' land, rollin about on the snows with the cubs, wrastlin an playin an cuttin anticks—the ole people slappin the cubs in the chops, pitchin em down hill, and so on—all for fun.

By day-break on the followin mornin two of Mr. WETHERBY'S heifers killed, their blood sucked eout, and their necks and hind-quarters chawed up, and bloody tracks wisible to a picet o' woodland ony one quarter of a mile this side of Mr. TIBBIT'S saw-mill. By noon our people form a circle, and begin to close in on em. We were just outside the circle up into a tree for to take notes when the critturs come into view, and then the pans beat, and the horns blowed, and the bands struck up, and the guns blazed, and it was fire in front, and fire all reound, and hurraying, and fire and load again.

It made our heart bleed to see the little cubs run up all tremblin and bury their heds in the parental buzzums, and the ole barrs put their arms around them and try in wain to save them from the shot and flames. We dropt a tear onto our note-book and slid down the tree. Love is love, sed we, and there's a good deal of it under those bear-skin jackets. When the fight was over the bears were dragged up to Green-Grass, the brass band playin all the way, when Mr. PETTIGREW being called on for a speech, rose and spoke as follows:

"FRIENDS AND FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: You have kivered yourselves with glory. In one day's march you have brought the campaign to an end. You have not gone into winter quarters. Not a man of you, as I know of, is even 'dangerously wounded in the rim of his hat.' The cow yards are safe. To mention names would be inwidious. You have stood shoulder to shoulder. At the word of command you have all been ready to take aim, slam bang and fire. There has been no skedaddle whatever. You have fairly won these *steaks*. The great thing in dealing with the foe is to surround him. That shortens war, that ensures peace. That is a *sine qua non* in military tictacs. It is my opinion that we should long ago have put down the rebels in arms against this government if we had simply observed the rule to surround them. I would do with them as you have done with these bears, precisely—surround them! surround them! Gentlemen, I am requested to thank you in the name of this hull community. You may go about your business. Farwell. Whar's my hat?"

That's about the sum and substance of what he sed. It isn't so much matter what we say as *how* we say it, what we do as *how* we do it, or what we write as *how* we write it. The day wownd up with cider and pop corn and poppin guns—the band playin. It doos seem to us, my dear fren, 't's a pity so much walour and gunpowder should be spent on three four barrs, when the woods down Seouth is full of rebels. Here's the place for draftin. Let the govment look to it. That's what we should say ef we hed our independen' press a runnin. Too many lazy fellers up here who think it fine sport to go after foxes and barrs. We want them all for the war except those of us who are exempt. We think we can do more good by the pen than by the sword. Fightin *is* fightin, an writin *is* writin. Ony let these people be off to the war an we wull gin em our word, ef any more barrs are killed we will climb up a tree from a sense of duty, and take notes of it. The country is in the very thick of trouble. Something must be done—*and that immediately!*

Our local affairs don't amount to much, excep' the sheep continoo to be killed off by dogs. They're infinitely wuss 'n barrs or foxes. *We ofting pet rascality in our houses, and go to hunt it to the death out of doors!*

One of our townsmen was buried not long ago. He was of small ackeount. Codensequently there was not much of a gatherin. Deacon SNICKLES was asked to make a few remarks. He wud do it for decency's sake, but they warn't wery complimentary. He hed no time for preparation. Sed he: "I don wan say nuffin abeout him. Silence is more expressive than wuds. Least said soonest mended. This individooal has passed away from us. He is gone, departed, dead, defunct. He mought hev bin a wuss man 'n he was, and he mought hev bin a better man than he was. That's so with the most of us.

"There were somethings abeout him that warnt right, and there were other things about him that *was* right—or near enuff so—for what's the uset o' splittin hairs? Charity shall cover the multitude of sins. I wud seize this occasion to preach a sermon to you on charity ef I was a speaker, for God knows you want it. But I will pass it by because unfortunitly I am no speaker.

"Ef our departed friend *wud lie*, it was because it was constitutional. That which is constitutional is not moral, and that which is moral is not constitutional. Here is a distinction with a difference and a difference with a distinction. But let that pass.

"He was no thief. Far be it from me, my Christian friends, to say that any credit was due to our brother on that pint. But if there is any credit belongin to him, I for one by all means should say, let him have it. If there's any of those who hear me destitoot of liberality, I pity him. If he had a nat'ral inclination to steal and didn't do it, then he had ought to be praised. But he had no natral inclination—none whatever.

"Sometimes he wud be drunk for a week, and then again he wud be in his right mind for six months. But it done him more harm in the estimation of our people to be tight for a few days, than it done him good to be sober for ten years. It isn't for me to say whether he acted best or whether they judged worst. That's an account that I leave you to settle betwix you.

"He swore some. That I suppose he did partly from habit, and it was a bad habit; partly from company, for he kept bad company. I don't stand up here to argue which is most to be avoided, bad habits or bad company, for I havn't got the ability to do it. It's enuff for me to perform the last kind offices, which is a good deal more'n he could expect under the circumstances.

"He was never married. If he had bin it might have been an improvement. On the other hand it might have been otherwise. Good for him, but bad for her!

"I don't wish to take up your precious time. Sermons to be good must be short. The rest of him may be summed up briefly. He kept race horses and he run 'em; he kept fightin cocks and he fit em. Well, well, he's gone. Poo fel'—let by-gones be by-gones!"

He then requested any on em who could to sing some warses in particular metre which would be found on such a page, commencin in the words followin, to wit:

"Believing we rejoice
To see the cuss removed."

There warnt a dry eye. If there was, we warnt told of it. Mr. TIBBITS asked us if we didn't think that was a wery cold-blooded discourse. We replied that it was so cold that it made our blood bile, and our ears tingle.

Ef any more bears are killed we will let you know. In the mean time we subscribe ourselves like JONES of Shocko and RANDOLPH of Roanoke,

P. C. T. OF GREEN-GRASS.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MCARONE.

DEAR VANITY:—It is all right. . .

The rover is free.

No manacles confine these thewy hands. No chains clank dismally about these sylph-like legs. Me and Governor SEYMOUR have triumphed.

Habeas corpus is himself again!

The way I got rid of that indictment scrape is the simplest thing in the world. I filed a non-appearance in the Court of Common Pleas, and put in a *nolle prosequi*. This was granted under a writ of replevin, obtained by *amicus curiæ*. Of course, when the *felo de se* was proven by the commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, on *prima facie* evidence, a true bill could not be found; so *devastavit* was unproven, and I could not be amerced *pro falso clamore suo* without a *corpus delictu*. Hence the court decided me to be a part of the feodand, and not liable to action, either droitural or possessory.

This was gratifying.

I packed my carpet-bag, and left. Though the *Commercial Bulletin*, of Boston, has referred to my "utter want of taste and skill," I wish to assure that gentle publication that I had the skill to get free, and the taste to abandon the perusal of the *Bulletin* aforesaid.

However, that is all right.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN'S body-guard is disbanded. *Sic itur ad Averni.* He said, most nobly, in your city, that he was "still a soldier." The Administration would like to make us forget that fact. We can't do it. When Washington is once more in danger, we shall be glad to know that GEORGE still lives and wears army-buttons.

Under my advice and encouragement, BURNSIDE will undoubtedly get along very well. I like him.

. . . . But I want MCCLELLAN back . . . and I'm going to have him, too. . .

You can't get *me* drunk on cider.

I am the little busy bee. I don't eat nor sleep when I have things on to my own mind. . .

And I have things on to my mind. I am going to Richmond, soon. I want to see JEFF DAVIS.

Future is big with something.

Connecticut is going Democratic.

A nod is as bad as a wink, to an equine beast of impaired visual faculties.

Do you know what I mean? . .. I don't, exactly; but I shall, after the next battle.

And that will transpire pretty soon.

The backbone of Rebellion is a tolerably brittle affair. It will break just once more. You won't hear much of it, after that.

That is my prophecy. I never failed in a prophecy; never told a lie; never mixed a bad cocktail, and never agreed with the *Tribune*.

Such is virtue.

I was on picket-duty, the other day, on the farthest outpost. A Rebel picket was stationed within hearing, on the other side of a hollow. It was Stonewall JACKSON, of whom you may have heard.

"How air you?" I asked.

"Unwell, thank you," he remarked.

"What ails you?" I continued.

"I woke up into a cold sweat," he added.

"As how?" I interrogated.

"All along of a nightmare," he rejoined.

"Cause?" I demanded.

"'Cause I dreamed MCCLELLAN was reinstated. Ef he was, we'd be licked in mighty short metre. I'm goin' in, to pray. Good bye."

That's all.

MCARONE.

ON PAPER.

PAPER is going to give trouble—a remark that has already been made by many a dabbler in financial puddles, although in a different sense from that in which we here apply it.

The paper to which we refer is the tangible material upon which we write and print the words of fire, sugar, spice, and other choice ingredients, with which the readers of VANITY FAIR are so familiar and so fascinated. We know nothing about paper in the Wall-street sense of the word; we come of poor but honest parents.

Now, the chief trouble to be apprehended about paper is, that we shall soon have no paper unless something turns up. Old clothes, the material out of which paper has been hitherto mainly manufactured, are far too valuable in these terrible times of the Tax to be sacrificed at the shrine of Literature. *Tam Marti quam Minervæ* may be a very good motto in its way, but as things are now going, we suspect that little thought is taken for the wardrobe of MINERVA so long as MARS gets his Winter flannels. Shirts are shirts now, as long as they hold together, and when they decline to act any further in that original capacity, the holders cut them up for pocket-handkerchiefs. We are not acquainted with the names of the equivalents worn by ladies, but, whatever they are, we will take it for granted that they are economized in a way that prevents them from ever being converted to paper.

The substitutes proposed for the manufacture of paper are various and strange. Here is one reminding us that if we have the plague of taxation upon us—which Egypt never had—we are falling back upon the *papyrus* of Egypt to keep up our supplies:

"Strong brown paper is now manufactured at the Salisbury Paper Mills, in Orange County from 'cat tails,' the product of the wild flag growing in low grounds all over the North. The proprietor is experimenting with a view of making white paper, also, from the same material."

We should suppose that "cat-tail" paper must be rather a coarse material for the reception of fine thoughts; but then, perhaps, it is meant to be written on with rat-tail files instead of ordinary pens, in which case great polish of style may be expected from the consumers. That paper may be a product of the Flag growing all over the North is cheerful news, indeed; and, by the time the same Flag waves all over the South, we may look out for a renewal of confidence in paper, and better times generally. We should suppose that Kilkenny cat-tail paper would be a remarkably good article for polemical purposes; your controversial persons are so much given to "chawing up" each other without remorse.

Nil desperandum however—don't go into the dumps about it. We may yet have an immense glut of rags thrown into the market if General HALLECK, or somebody, will only go in, take Richmond, and make prisoners of all the people that therein are. The Confederate papers talk of rags as the regular order of things down there; and, although Confederate paper is decidedly at a discount here, we don't see why Confederate rags should not be sought after as the most valuable spoils of war, in the present state of things.

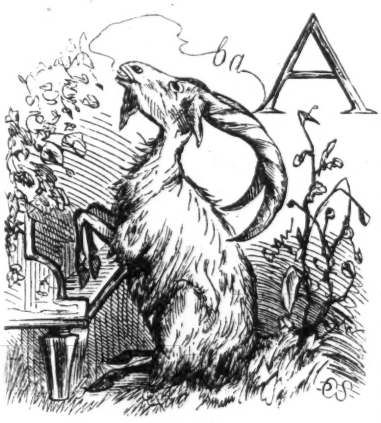
"A la Fourchette."

THE correspondent of the *Daily Times*, who follows CRITTENDEN'S fortunes, tells about the capture of twenty of the Michigan cavalry near a place called the Hermitage. Here we quote him:

"They were strongly posted, and could have successfully resisted their assailants and maintained their ground; yet they suffered themselves to be taken completely by surprise while eating their breakfast, and surrendered without any effort at defence."

Certainly these Michiganders were miserable poltroons. Armed as they must have been with knives and forks, a simultaneous invitation from them to the Rebels to "come on," would have brought the latter to Break Fast in "very short metre."

THE TOWN SHOWS.



A WORD more, Mr. Printer, about "Dinorah." As I intimated, last week, there was some difficulty in procuring the requisite goat. All the other artists were ready; but without this one they were like so many fifth wheels to the stage-coach. GRAU went crying about town, like a sort of TONY PASTORAL RICHARD, "A goat! a goat! My kingdom for a goat!" until there was not a goat-herd within twenty miles that didn't take pity on him. At last the good old proverb about supply and demand received another verification, and a venerable old Nanny, whom you would have scarce expected at her age to appear in public on the stage, presented herself at the doors of the Academy, and after being introduced to the company—all of whom took a horn on the occasion—was honored with an enthusiastic reception, and at once put by the stage-manager through a course of Scolastic exercises.

The part Miss Nanny had to perform was little more than that of a walking lady, but still there were four or five ba'as of music to be executed by her at a critical moment in the second act, and these, to the surprise of everybody, she got over as easily as over a five-barred gate; so that in fact, she was perfect in them after the first rehearsal, and was held up by MUZIO as an example to BRIGNOLI. There now remained only a bridge between her and fame, and this she crossed triumphantly—the only break-down in the whole affair being that of the bridge, which fell at precisely the right moment and according to contract.

All this at the rehearsals.

At the public performances—which came off with great *éclat* on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—the success of Miss Nanny was, if possible, greater still, and the applause she received from the kids all over the house (kids are obligatory this season, perhaps out of compliment to the goat) amounted to an ovation.

The opera itself I have told you about. It is what is called a comic opera, and to be effective should be as well acted as sung. With tragic operas, it is different. Tragic acting is a nuisance anywhere, unless in the hands of really tragic artists, and these are scarcer even than goats, besides being much more expensive.

Well, the good acting in "Dinorah" (with the honorable exception above mentioned) is confined to Mlle. CORDIER, and the opera therefore drags a little. There is some pretty good scenery, which serves to help the matter along—not to mention a gallant ship borne in the wedding procession, and having the American flag streaming from its peak!—but were it not for the novelty of the music and the extraneous interest created by the goat, I doubt whether the opera would have been a success, even if there had been a whole fleet of ships in it, with star-spangled banners all over them; for not only was the general acting—if acting it could be called—bad, but even the singing (making a brilliant exception, again, in the case of Mlle. CORDIER) was hardly above mediocrity. If the great composer had been present—MEYERBEER, of whom, by the way, the daily critics write as if the name had never been heard of before and might be mistaken by the public as representing some new species of lager—he would have gone wild. AMODIO sang one or two *morceaux* with some feeling, and Mlles. MORENSI and STOCKTON succeeded in getting safely through a very difficult duet, but BRIGNOLI was disposed to shy his part altogether, and but for the vigorous manner in which he attacked and finally conquered the Reaper's Song in the third act, would have retired from the stage leaving all the honors behind him. SUSINI was in the cast, but had only one song to sing, into which he threw himself with so much vigor on Wednesday that he came near snapping several of the chords and coming to the ground; his escape brought him a deserved round of applause.

The gem of the opera, with the melody-loving multitude, is the shadow-song in the second act, which is so exquisitely sung by Mlle. CORDIER that she is interrupted in it every night by plaudits such as are rarely heard even within the walls of the Academy. On Monday night she was compelled to repeat it, which, seeing that it is one of the most difficult compositions in the opera, and requires some eight minutes for its execution, (longer than the average duration of an overture,) was rather cruel. It is a kind of cruelty, however, which few performers of any kind revolt against. "Dinorah" will be given again to-night, and meanwhile preparations are being made to bring out "La Favorita" and "Il Ballo in Maschera," when we shall have another chance to see and hear the beautiful GUERRABELLA.

In the theatrical way, the principal event of the week has been the production of a new show-piece at LAURA KEENE'S, under the title of "Blondette, or the Naughty Prince and the Pretty Peasant."

I regret to say that so far as the text is concerned there is nothing in it to commend and everything to condemn. It is so coarse and vulgar that even the actors appear to be ashamed of it and blush through their masks. The piece may be described as a very bad picture in a very elegant frame. The best thing Miss KEENE can do is to burn the picture at once and keep the frame for something that may at least be called a work of art. As there is no room for good acting in "Blondette," it is unnecessary to allude to the performance of it, beyond saying that Mrs. SEDLEY BROWN and Mrs. IONE BURKE sang two or three songs very creditably, and that everybody else did as well as could be expected under the circumstances. As an exceedingly brilliant spectacle it may run for several weeks; if, in addition, it were a good, or even an inoffensive play, it would probably have a run of seven or eight months.

There has been nothing new of late at WALLACK'S, but to-night we are promised for the first time this season "A Bachelor of Arts," with a cast which will probably make it the dramatic sensation of the week.

At NIBLO'S Garden Mr. MIDAS WHEATLEY has just made another pile out of the RAVEL Troupe, and is now drawing immense houses again with FORREST and MATILDA HERON, who are having a pleasant little rivalry as to whose shall be considered the "off nights."

PPPS.

A Nice Point.

MR. T. MASON JONES, in his eloquent address on the subject of "GARIBALDI," a few nights since, in Irving Hall, related an anecdote of some deep old file who used earnestly to impress upon young beginners of life the maxim, "Never, under any circumstances, take anybody's advice." We are not sure that we quote the exact words, but think we have got the drift of the thing correctly.

Now, according to our way of thinking, Mr. MASON JONES'S philosopher was either Milesian or insincere; possibly he may have been both. If Milesian, only, his proffered advice involves an amusing blunder; if he offered his counsel with the certainty that it would be rejected, ill-natured persons would be apt to characterise him as insincere.

For our part, we think that he was only Milesian.

Our Relations with China.

IT seems that our Minister to China, on applying to the Government of that country for a site whereon to establish the American Consulate, "urging his claim to similar privileges with France and England," was informed that, "as he had come to Peking in a manner different from that of those two nations, he could not have a site granted to him."

Is there not a mistake in the above? We think it means that the American minister had come to *Pecking* in a different manner from either the English or the French representatives, having, probably, with American aptitude, adopted the Chinese chop-sticks for the purpose of conveying his food to his mouth. Of course, John Chinaman would indulge the English and French Ambassadors with a "sight," if only for their old-fogyism in sticking to the knife and fork.

LINES:

Respectfully inscribed to Mr. GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN, *Stump-Candidate for the next Presidency.*

How brilliant is the march of mind!
To-day leaves yesterday behind;
And star-eyed Science to the Arts
A magic sweep and power imparts,
But Art nowhere such increase gains
As in the mode of drawing trains.
First horses drew: then steam was used:
Caloric has some minds amused:
But now all these we can surpass,
For here's a TRAIN that goes by—*gas!*

XUM

THE TABLEAU VIVANT.

(*Julia, who is rehearsing Tableaux for the Holidays, engages Pat, for this occasion, only.*)

Julia.—"Now, Patrick, Miss Anna is the Goddess of Liberty, you see, and we want you to stand for Garibaldi."

Patrick.—"Mi[illegible] is it? Bedad I'll do Garrybaldy first-rate if the Goddess 'll dance an Irish jig to [illegible]he tune of Garryowen!"

A Ship on the Horizon.

A correspondent writes to us, asking whether the City Comptrollership is an iron-plated vessel.

It is not, sir. We have good authority for stating that the ship in question is lavishly overlaid with Tin.

The Two Greatest Bores in the Navy.

Secretary Welles and the *Passaic's* fifteen incher.

The Great Drawback of War.

The draw back of the trigger.

To Artists in Wood.

If you want to carve a *fac simile* of a schemer out of wood, try Alder for the purpose. In other words, make an Alder-man.

Joke by a Gentleman recently from Nineveh.

The greatest country in the world for ninnies is Africa. There you take your pick o' ninnies.

Important to the Drug Trade.

If you want a first rate article of Castor Oil, fry your summer Beaver.

The New Spiritual Theory Confirmed.

The Spiritualists announce that they can obtain the photographs of people who have been dead for ages, in confirmation of which it may be stated that if you shake up very old Jamaica Spirits you will be sure to see the Venerable Bead.

SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

Edmonds the seer, and that demented set
Who claim by hocus-pocus news to get
From realms seraphic,
And also tidings of a gloomier hue
From the less genial land of Bugaboo,
Are not, they say, receiving from the two
Cartes photographic.

Daguerrean artists in both realms abound,
Who, by air-lines and railroads under ground,
To us invisible,
Send up or down, according to locale,
The counterfeit presentments, large or small,
Of the departed—David, say, or Saul,
Or Cain or Jezebel.

Or if of any wretch of little note,
And of a generation less remote,
You wish the figure,
'Tis but to ask, and in a jiff 'tis done,
Swifter than with *our* camera and sun;
For these Daguerrean dead are, every one,
Quick on the trigger.

He's a wise child—proverbial sages say
In their half-sneering, half-sententious way—
Who knows his father.
If on that tender subject you've a doubt,
Just for a "first-class medium" ask about,
To have, in such case, the *true carte* sent out
Were pleasant, rather.

Portraits of Noah's sons of course would show
On which of their three heads the wool did grow—
A point at issue.
Send Shem's and Japhet's, and (to know who's who)
Ham's sandwiched in between the other two;
Then shall we learn which of the trio grew
The kinky tissue.

There have been some disputes about the mark
Carried by Cain—the fratricidal spark—
Upon his forehead.
Let us have *him*; but above all we want,
If he will sit, and not the artist daunt,
The club-foot monarch, horny, grim, and gaunt,
Of Region's Torrid!

The Wealth of New-York.

If anything were wanting to attest the great wealth that circulates among us, and the small impression made upon New-York prosperity by the war, we rather think that the following might do it:

$5 REWARD.—LOST, TWO TEETH ON A GOLD PLATE. Please address ——, Herald office.

Happy, it has been said, is the man born with a silver spoon in his mouth; but oh! how far more felicitous the lot of one who hands about his teeth on a golden plate!

Hopeful.

Now that some of the newspapers are reducing their Size, we may look for "unvarnished tales" in their telegrams, occasionally.

The Manifest Destiny of Sambo:

WHO MUST BEAR THE BRUNT OF IT, NO MATTER WHICH END OF THE PLANK GOES UP, NORTH OR SOUTH.

POT-POURRI A LA MEXIQUE.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, as we learn from our Paris Correspondent, devotes himself a great deal, at present, to the science of cookery. Cultivating his old "talent for silence," once attributed to him by VICTOR HUGO, he carries on his gastronomic operations all alone, in a kitchen fitted up expressly for the purpose, behind the Tuileries, the fumes proceeding from which extend themselves even to this continent, and are objectionable to many, on account of a certain sulphureous odor which exhales from them: perhaps it is garlic; though some very well-informed old women say that it is nothing short of brimstone furnished by the Old Gentleman in Black.

The mess which at present occupies the attention of the great gastronome is a *pot-pourri à la Mexique*, of which the ingredients have not as yet been made public. It is said, however, to be remarkably stimulative of the appetite for conquest, by which it was undoubtedly suggested.

Why should not America pay some graceful little tribute to the French Emperor's efforts for making a Mexican mess? We might give him pepper, for instance, though he is quite likely to get more than enough of that article of grocery from the Mexicans themselves. Our sauce—the most pungent of seasonings—is very much at his service. VANITY FAIR *sauce piquante* is an article which no crowned head should be without, and we shall continue to supply the great French Gastronome with it until further notice. Flavored as it is with the choicest jibes, it is particularly to be recommended for His Imperial Majesty's *gibier*, or Game in Mexico.

Restrictions upon Travel.

ON reading the "Conditions on which Passes to the South for Females" are in future to be granted, we were struck with two particular items in the document, which appear to render it almost a dead letter.

1st. Females going South are required to state their respective ages.

2d. Females going South are permitted to take but one trunk, each.

Under these circumstances, it is our private opinion that very few "females" will "go South" so long as the Order referred to remains in force.

"Open Sesame."

ONE of the Washington Correspondents, alluding to the strict reticence of Lord LYONS since that nobleman's return from Europe, says that "Several efforts made by prominent men to induce him to open his mouth met with marked failure."

Did none of the "prominent men" in question think of inviting his lordship to dinner?

Who Paid the Piper?

WHEN any distinguished personage arrives at one of our first-class hotels, he, or she, is often—alas! too often—favored with a serenade, and there is no difficulty in ascertaining from what fund the music is provided.

But there seems to be no end of impossibility in ascertaining who paid the piper when Mrs. BRINSMADE was "piped" at the Everett House in this city, and at a Washington hotel.

Somebody will have to put this in his pipe, and smoke it.

JONATHAN'S PARABLE ON MEDIATION.

W'EN I wooz nothin but a boy,
And 'bsöut as knowin' as a loon,
I dickered some in the dry-goods line,
And hed a pardner called SETH COON.

Though I hed furnished most o' the stock,
An' did the heftiest o' the work,
My pardner would put on his airs,
An' made *me* aöut a so't o' clerk.

I never saw a boy so praöud:
Ruther than git his fingers s'iled
He'd train his little brothers in,
An' work 'em till they fairly br'iled.

Says JOHNNY BELL and LEVI KNAPP,
"*We*'d change all that, or hev a fight!"
Says I, "'T'd only make things wuss:
Besides," says I, "I ha'n't the right!"

I knew eg-*zackly* haöw they felt,
Rememb'rin' haöw I'd tanned their hide:
An' w'en they talked o' *likin'* me
An' wishin' me well, I knew they *lied!*

Wal, I'd been missin' things along,
In fact, the stock got pooty slim;
I wondered who the thief could be,
W'en one day Seth owned up 'twooz *him!*

"Mor'n that," says he, "I'm guntah *leave:*
I've only gone an' took my share!"
Says I, "We don't dissolve that way!
I guess the Contract 's got ye, there!"

"Take *that!*" says he, "you low-lived sneak!
I'd deö it ef I went to prison!"
An' then he up an' bunged my eye—
"All right!" says I. Then I bunged his'n.

Wal, there we hed it, nip 'n' tuck,
W'en up come JOHN, and LEVI KNAPP:
They aged araöund—an', fust I knowed,
One held SETH'S coat, an' t'other his cap.

"Go in for Liberty!" says JOHN,
"He wants to rule: don't mind his blowin'!"
Says LEVI, "SAM, I'll buy of you
'S soon 's you c'n git a goin'!"

Says I, "Is *that* your ticket, boys?
D'ye call that actin' on the square?"
"Oh! hang your techiness," says they,
"Who says Neutrality ain't fair!"

An' then they whined abaöut the "blood,"
An' wrung their han's an' said, "Good Lord!"
Haöw dretful! So'thin' mus' be done!
ELICK, can't *yeöu* put in a word?

"Let's Mediate!" says they—"right off!"
I hed n't time to even grin:
With Law and Gospel on my side,
I meant to *fight*, till SETH give in!

Wal, jest as they'd fixed up their plan
To settle everything theirselves,
SETH yelled, "Enough!" an' said he guessed
We'd put them goods back on the shelves.

"JON'THAN," says he, "I'm satisfied!"
But not with them two sneakin' curs
That turned from yeöu an' Justice teöo,'
An' come an' stuck to me like burrs.

"We're One agin! Jest say the word,
We'll l'arn 'em Honor right away!"
"No hurry, Seth," says I. "Keep cool:
Their time may come some futer day."

THE PHILOLOGIST.

Anxious Parent.—"I DON'T WANT NO 'RITHMETIC FORCED INTO HIS INFINK MIND; BUT I EXPECT YER TO PAY PURTICKLER ATTENTION TO HIS GRAMMAR."

On the Spot.

WE have lately seen in the columns of the *Herald* letters headed "From our Spotted Tavern Correspondent."

Would it be unfair to presume that the *Herald's* correspondent repairs to the Spotted Tavern for the purpose of visiting the Striped Pig?

Bag and Baggage.

THE *Daily Times* recommends concentration upon Richmond by all the Federal forces, saying that by so doing we shall *bag* the Confederate army.

With this view, a large quantity of Gunny Bags should immediately be contracted for by Government, as, without the Gun, the Bag is very likely to remain empty.

Bagpipes, of course, should be the music for our troops in their march upon the Baggage of the foe; and, should General BRAGG be conspicuous in the *mêlée*, he can at once be brought to Bagg by the simple expedient of removing the r from his name.

"Come, Despatch! Despatch!"

THERE is a great deal of speculation about the expedition of General BANKS, the expedition of General MCCLERNAND, the expedition of General Thisandthat; but what we should prefer hearing more of, is, the "expedition of the NAVY DEPARTMENT *in re* SEMMES *et al.*

Cedar Chips.

AMONG the latest war news is the intelligence that the Rebels are in possession of Lebanon.

We should not be surprised to hear that the fellows who captured that place now call themselves Cedars of Lebanon instead of Se-ceders.

OPENING THE CAGES.

"*Ordered, first.*—That all persons now in military custody, who have been arrested for discouraging volunteer enlistments, opposing the draft, or otherwise giving aid and comfort to the enemy in States where the draft has been made, or the quota of volunteers and militia has been furnished, shall be discharged from further military restraint."—*By order of the Secretary of War.*

BARON EDWIN has relented,
EDWIN of the Doughty Tongue,
And the thralls he circumvented,
By suspense made half-demented,
Will not, after all, be hung.

Castle Warren's dungeon-warder,
Seneschal of Lafayette,
Open at the Baron's order,
Let out each cadaverous boarder—
Hurrah! Barracoons to let!

Prisoners of State, State reasons
All your cells at last unseal.
Men of stratagems and treasons,
Steel-barred close for various seasons,
Welcome back from each Bastile!

Cobblers, carmen, tailors, tinkers,
Men to shake a realm with fear,
Terrible sedition-winkers,
Furious and ferocious thinkers,
What d'ye think of getting clear?

Ask not why Lord EDWIN jugged you,
Curse nor KENNEDY nor BOWLES;
Those who from your business lugged you
Might, you know, have hung or plugged you—
Bless them as you leave your holes!

A MAGNUM BONUM.

A LATE English paper states that "LORD IVORY, one of the Scottish Judges, has retired from the Bench."

As we are somewhat foggy in this country, with regard to titles of nobility, it may not be altogether impertinent to remind (observe, we don't say *inform*) the reader that the title "Lord" So-and-so, enjoyed by Scottish judges, does not imply nobility. It radiates not to the wife and children of the bearer, neither does it descend to his heirs. Thus of the late LORD MEADOWBANK, whose name was MACCONOCHY, and when young MAC, who swaggered upon the title, talked much one night at his club about "my father, LORD MEADOWBANK," a sarcastic member took him quietly down with, "And, *à propos* of your father LORD MEADOWBANK, how is your mother Mrs. MACCONOCHY?" Which it's an anecdote, but one that has never before, we believe, appeared in print.

From these premises, the intelligent American reader will readily judge of the exact amount of worship to be tendered to a Scottish Law-Lord, should one such be vouchsafed to our hotel-keepers. By this, however, we do not mean to convey any reflective sarcasm to the household of LORD IVORY, who will, perhaps, be remembered by the courteous reader in connection with the first of these three paragraphs. We believe LORD IVORY to be a very estimable man. Unfortunately, we are unable to inform our readers with regard to his family name, although, judging from the osseous character of the title selected by him, we may not be altogether erroneous in supposing it to be BONE.

The Ornithology of Ordnance.

AMONG the spoils of war to be seen near Fairfax Court-house are several "dummy" guns, shaped and mounted to represent 10-pound Parrotts.

Such substitutes for the genuine metal are usually termed "Quakers;" but it seems to us that imitation Parrotts might more appropriately be called Mocking-Birds, even though they don't sing.

A SCENE IN WASHINGTON.

Special Correspondent, No. 1.—"LOOK HERE, JACK, WE'D BETTER MAKE OUR WAY TO THE FRONT —I'LL SWEAR THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON."

Special Correspondent, No. 2.—"SHOULDN'T WONDER IF THERE WAS, FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS HERE!"

A Singular Parasite.

THE most remarkable instance of grafting upon record is the one so successfully performed by the now celebrated TOM BOWLES, who, in his testimony before the Police Commissioners regarding the BRINSMADE case, sprung a Peach upon a GRAPEVINE so late as the 24th of November.

A Moving Incident.

AMONG the headings to the *Herald's* correspondence from Virginia, in a late number of that paper, we observe the following:

"*A Rebel Female Opens Her Lingual Batteries on Your Correspondent—Desire for a Movement of Some Kind.*"

We consider ourselves safe in saying that, under the circumstances, the "movement" referred to must have been a rapid skedaddle on the part of "Your Correspondent."

The "Pipe" and the Glass.

"WHAT spectacles KENNEDY, BAKER, and BOWLES have made of themselves," exclaimed VALENTINE, as he laid down the report of the BRINSMADE case.

"Spy-glasses, you mean," was the immediate rejoinder of ORSON, who is generally equal to the occasion.

Too Candid by Half.

AS TOM and his wife were disputing one day
Of their personal traits, in a bantering way,
Quoth she: "Though my *wit* you disparage,
I'm certain, dear husband, our friends will attest
That, compared with your own, *my judgment* is best!"
Quoth TOM, "So they said at our marriage!"

RESPECTABILITY ON ICE.

IT was with proud satisfaction that we lately saw an advertisement in the daily papers under the heading "Fifth-Avenue Skating-Pond." Here, thought we, is something exclusive at last. Here you may cut a figure—all sorts of figures, in fact—upon the very skirts of the aristocracy, which, of course, will be put into requisition for sweeping the ice of winter, as they already do the flags of Broadway all the year round. But our aristocratic ardor was damped as we read on and arrived at the following words:

"Only a limited number of persons of character and respectability will be received as subscribers."

This decides us upon withholding our patronage from the Fifth-Avenue Skating Pond. If the projectors of that place of amusement imagine that we will throw ourselves away in a crowd containing "only a limited number of persons of character and respectability," they are very much mistaken in us. We have a reputation to maintain. Do you suppose that we would accept an invitation to an evening party in one of the *salons* of Fifth Avenue, where "only a limited number of persons of character and respectability" were likely to be met with in the rowdy turmoil? Not much. Not any, in fact. We think we see ourselves doing it!

FOR THE PULPIT AND THE STAGE.

WE hear a good deal, lately, about "Truly wonderful improvements" to the Harmonium, which, according to the *Musical Review*, "enable the bellows of that instrument to approach even the human bellows."

The advertisement concerning these Harmoniums asserts, among other things, that they are "unrivalled for churches"—meaning, we suppose, that for "human bellows" the pulpit is the place to which we should look, and only comparing the bellows of the new instrument to the powerful pulpitations of certain preachers on the principle of *parvæ componere magnis*.

If we are to infer, from the testimonials in favor of this new Harmonium, that its bellows are a mitigated noise in comparison with the bellows to which some human creatures are capable of giving vent, we agree fully with the advertisement, in thinking that they must be "unrivalled for churches:" that is, for *some* churches, and in these they might be fitted up in the pulpit instead of in the organ-loft, so as to obviate the necessity of getting up any human bellows whatever.

We were going to make some remarks as to the capability of the new Harmonium for giving a mitigated expression to tragedy; but, as nothing short of *in*human bellows appear to satisfy our theatrical audiences, the less we say upon the subject, for the present, the better.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

The Rebellion Record: Part XXIV. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM, 532 *Broadway.*

This number of the *Record* contains a portrait of the late Major-General O. M. MITCHEL, and one of the well-known Confederate General LEE.

N.B. The *Rebellion Record* is always to be found at the Reading Room of the Mercantile Library Association, in Clinton Hall, Astor Place. We think that we have mentioned this before, but the repetition will not be obnoxious to our readers.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE Publisher begs leave to call the attention of readers and subscribers to the Special Advertisement of VANITY FAIR on second page, about future terms.